

How to Train Your Dragon in High School

by Queen Jellybean

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Summary: Hiccup Haddock is writing a story about the dragons that attack his home town of Berk, except that nothing goes as planned. Follow Hiccup through his first year of high school, and his least favorite class, Dragon Training. Modern AU.

1. Chapter 1

Chapter 1

****So my brain keeps pushing new ideas for me to write about, so yeah. I don't own the HTTYD Franchise, and please review.****

This is Berk. It's twelve days north of hopeless, and a few degrees south of freezing to death. It's located solidly on the meridian of misery. My village. In a word, sturdy. And it's been here for seven generations, but every single building is new. We have fishing, hunting, and a charming view of the sunsets. The only problems are the pests. You see, most places have mice or mosquitos. We have dragons. Most people would leave. Not us. We're Vikings. We have stubbornness issues. My name's Hiccup. Great name, I know. But it's not the worst. Parents believe a hideous name will frighten of gnomes and trolls. Like our charming Viking demeanor wouldn't do that. Meet the neighbors. Hoark the Haggard| Burnthair the Broad.. Phelgma the Fierce.

There's also Stoick the Vast. Chief of the tribe. They say that when he was a baby he popped a dragon's head clean off of its shoulders. Do I believe it? Yes I do.

Hiccup closed his new journal as his friends joined him for lunch, well somewhat friend.

"What's up Fishlegs?" Hiccup asked as the chubby boy sat down with his lunch tray.

"Not much, excited for Dragon Training at the end of the day?" Fishlegs asked.

"Ehhh, I'm a fishbone, so we both know that I'm screwed," Hiccup stated, gesturing to himself.

A bell rang signaling the beginning of the period. Students quickly filed into the cafeteria and find their places with friends that they haven't seen over the course of the summer. Hiccup ignores the backpacks that hit him in the back, opens his journal to a blank page, and begins to draw.

Fishlegs peers across the table to figure out what Hiccup is drawing. "So the first day of freshman year isn't even half over, and you're already drawing," Fishlegs pointed out.

"Well the idea came to me in English last period for a story, so I just started writing," Hiccup explained not looking up.

Fishlegs gasped. "Hey, Hiccup," the chubby boy nudged Hiccup's arm.

"Hmm?" Hiccup asked, not looking up. He was busy drawing a fictional island that loosely resembled Berk.

"There's a girl looking at us," Fishlegs said, pointing to said girl.

"Fishlegs, there is no way in the world that a girl would want to look at this," Hiccup eyed his friend and gestured to himself.

"Well, it looks like she's more so glaring at you," Fishlegs tried again.

Hiccup turned around, and sure enough, someone was staring at him. "Well make that number forty-four," Hiccup gulped.

"Forty-four what?" Fishlegs asked in confusion.

"The forty-fourth glare I've gotten today because my god-father is teaching the dragon classes, so naturally everyone thinks that he'll favor me for the winning of the training," Hiccup explained, looking back down at his drawing.

"I could see that, except that everyone knows that you're a screw up, no offense," Fishlegs agreed, nodding his head thoughtfully.

"None taken," Hiccup said, putting the journal away and taking out his lunch.

The two ate in silence for the rest of the period. Hiccup had counted up to eighty glares by the end of the period, even if he didn't know how that was possible when there were only thirty freshmen in the same lunch. When the bell finally rung Hiccup rushed out of the cafeteria to his Algebra class.

Algebra didn't cover much, a few kids were missing, they were still on vacation. All the teacher did was hand out the textbooks before

retreating to his desk for the rest of the period.

The bell rung again, and Hiccup dreaded his next class, Dragon Training. The arena for the training was located off campus, to help with potential fires. It took Hiccup fifteen minutes to walk there, along with all the other students. Hiccup's godfather, Gobber, greeted the students at the gate to the arena.

"Ah, and last but not least Hiccup," The older man greeted, laying a hand on the scrawny boy's shoulder.

Hiccup joined the rest of his peers who were already lined up in the middle of their new classroom.

Gobber grabbed a sheet of well folder paper from his pocket, it was the attendance sheet. Hiccup ignored the names being called until he heard his. "Hiccup Haddock," Gobber called out. The entire student body turned to the lanky boy.

"Uh, here," Hiccup muttered, some students were still glaring hard at him.

Astrid Hofferson was the next name that Gobber called, looking around, Hiccup saw that it was the same girl from lunch. Hiccup groaned inwardly, he wanted to dig a hole and hide in it.

"Today, we will learn about the most common types of dragons that we fight here on Berk," Gobber declared, walking to the front of the class. "Here at the arena we house some of the many species you will learn to fight," the man started to walk back and forth from one side of the room to another. "There is a Deadly Nadder, Hideous Zippleback, Terrible Terror, Monstrous Nightmare, and the Gronkle."

The class was murmuring about how cool the class is going to be, but all Hiccup heard was Fishlegs spilling out the statistics about the dragons in a whisper. Hiccup turned to his friend with the look of 'will you please shut up right now, or so help me I will shove a sock down your throat.' Fishlegs shut his mouth immediately at turned his attention back to Gobber.

"Seeing as some of your classmates decided to take their vacations a day longer, we will not start training until tomorrow. I expect you all to be on time, we will start with the Gronkle. Class dismissed," Gobber announced with a wave of his hand.

The big man was standing by the gate as the freshman class filed out, Hiccup was the last in line. "So what can I work on today?" Hiccup asked, he was apprenticing at Gobber's smithy.

"You my friend, aren't working today, I sense a raid tonight. I can feel it in my beard," Gobber answered, pushing the boy towards the street.

"Oh come on, you know that I be needed in the shop if there's a raid. Plus, why don't I just come with you because you know my dad doesn't like me out during them," Hiccup tried to explain, turning to face his mentor.

"I'll take to your father," Gobber rolled his eyes, lifting Hiccup

and turning him to walk forward.

****Yeah so I think I'm going to like this one, I know exactly what to do with so that's good. Please review and let me know what you think.****

2. Chapter 2

Chapter 2

****So I've decided to change Hiccup's journal idea into a class assignment for all the freshmen in English, which should make things more interesting, plus the assignment won't be read by the teacher by the end of the semester. I don't own the Htttyd Franchise and please review.****

There was a dragon raid going on tonight. I, Hiccup, had bravely fought off a Monstrous Nightmare. Stoick the Vast was proud of me, his son and heir. My cousin, Snotlout, had screwed up and set a whole building on fire and was currently being yelled at by his father.

"Well, sorry kiddo, your dad doesn't want you in the shop today," Gobber said, when he left the Haddock's home.

Hiccup ran upstairs to draw. He decided to draw a picture of himself all built up fighting off a Monstrous Nightmare.

A distant roar was heard, and Hiccup looked out the window to see that it was already night, he had lost track of time drawing. Swearing under his breath, Hiccup ran out of his house towards the forge.

"Hiccup!" A voice shouted, picking the boy up by the scruff of his neck. "What is he doing out again?!" The man directed to the people around him. "What are you doing out?! Get inside!" The man shouted at Hiccup, pushing him off in the direction he came.

"Just going to the forge to help Gobber," Hiccup mumbled under his breath, running off to the forge.

Upon entering, he was greeted by the family friend. "Ah! Nice of you to join the party. I thought you'd been carried off," Gobber said, throwing Hiccup his work apron.

"Who me? Nah, come on! I'm way too muscular for their taste. They wouldn't know what to do with all this," Hiccup said, striking a body builder pose after placing a hammer on a rack.

"They need toothpicks, don't they?" Gobber teased.

"Ha ha, very funny," Hiccup said, gathering a pile of weapons off the front counter.

The meathead with attitude and interchangeable hands is Gobber. I've been his apprentice ever since I was little. Wellâ€¦ littler.

A home blows up on the side of a cliff. See? Old village. Lots and lots of new houses.

Someone shouts fire and the fire brigade charges through the plaza. Four of Berk's teens are, tugging at a large wooden cask on wheels. From it, they fill buckets of water to douse the flames. One among them is a cute, energetic Viking girl.

Oh and that's Fishlegs, Snotlout. The twins Ruffnut and Tuffnut. Andâ€¦ Astrid.

Hiccup leaned out the window of the forge to watch the fire brigade at work.

Their job is so much cooler.

Hiccup made an attempt to join them as they run by, but is stopped by the hook on Gobber's hand and is hoisted back inside.

"Ah, come on. Let me out, please. I need to make my mark," Hiccup pleaded.

"Oh, you've made plenty of marks. All in the wrong places," Gobber retorted, poking Hiccup in the stomach with his hook-hand.

"Please, two minutes. I'll kill a dragon. My life will get infinitely better. I might even get a date," Hiccup tried pleading again.

"You can't lift a hammer. You can't swing an axeâ€¦" Gobber pointed out. Holding up a bola, he said, "You can't even throw one of these."

A viking ran by grabbing the bola out of Gobber's hand and hurls it at a dive-bombing Gronkle. The bola binded its legs, sending it into a heavy crash.

Hiccup was ready with answers. "Okay fine, but, this will throw it for me," Hiccup said, running to the back of the shop to a wheel barrow-like contraption. The device malfunctions and an arm sprang up, equipped with twin bows accidentally launching a bola that nearly misses Gobber but takes out a Viking outside.

"See, now this right here is what I'm talking about," Gobber said, advancing on the boy.

"Mild calibration issue," Hiccup tried to explain.

"Hiccup. If you ever want to get out there to fight dragons, you need to stop allâ€¦ this," Gobber said, gesturing in Hiccup's general direction.

"Butâ€¦ you just pointed to all of me," Hiccup said astonished.

"Yes! That's it! Stop being all of you," Gobber said, a little too excitedly.

"Ohhhhâ€¦" Hiccup said trying to sound threatening, lifting up his index finger to the man.

"Ohhhh, yes," Gobber mimicked.

"There will be consequences!" Hiccup shouted, raising his finger to the sky.

"I'll take my chances. Sword. Sharpen. Now," Gobber ordered, tossing Hiccup a sword.

Hiccup took the sword begrudgingly and lobbed it onto the grinding wheel.

One day I'll get out there. Because killing a dragon is everything around here. A Nadder head is sure to get me at least noticed.

Gronkles are tough. Taking down one of those would definitely get me a girlfriend.

A Zippleback? Exotic, exciting. Two heads, twice the status.

And then there's the Monstrous Nightmare. Only the best Vikings go after those. They have this nasty habit of setting themselves on fire.

But the ultimate prize is the dragon no one has ever seen. We call it the Night Fury. This thing never steals food, never shows itself, and never misses. That's why I'm going to be the first.

Gobber switches his prosthetic hammer for an axe. "Man the fort, Hiccup, they need me out there!" Gobber paused then eyed Hiccup with a threatening glare. "Stay. Put. There. You know what I mean."

Hiccup did not listen to what Gobber told him, he was currently running through the village pushing his wheeled contraption through the ongoing mayhem, as fast as his legs could carry him.

"Come back here!" "Hiccup, where are you going!" A few Vikings shouted at him.

"I know. Be right back!" He answered.

Hiccup reached a cliff overlooking a smoking catapult and dropped the handles to the ground. He cranked several levers, unfolding and then cocking the bowed arms of his contraption. He dropped a bola onto the chamber and then pivots the weapon on a gimbal head toward the dark sky.

He listened, with his eye pressed to the scope, hand poised on the trigger. He heard the Night Fury approaching by its distinguishable screech. He turned his aim to the defense tower. It closes in for the final strike, completely camouflaged in the night.

"Come on. Give me something to shoot at, give me something to shoot at," Hiccup whispers to himself, scanning the skies for the creature.

The tower toppled. The blast of the fire illuminated the dragon for a split second. Hiccup pulled the trigger. The flexed arms snapped forward, springing the weapon off the ground. The bola disappeared into the sky, followed by an audible whack and a screech.

"Oh I hit it! I hit it! Did anybody see that?" Hiccup shouted surprised, his excitement becoming elation. His victory is short-lived. A Monstrous Nightmare appeared, slithering up over the lip of the cliff.

"Except for you," Hiccup deadpanned, turning on his heel running through the plaza, screaming, with the Nightmare fast on his heels.

Vikings scattered as Hiccup dodged a near fatal blast. The Nightmare's sticky, Napalm-like fire splashed up onto buildings, setting the alight.

Hiccup ducked behind the last standing brazier—the only shelter available. The Nightmare blasted it, spraying fire all around him. Hiccup peered around the smoldering post. No sign of the Nightmare.

He turned back to find it leering at him, blocking his escape. It took a deep breath. Hiccup is finished. Suddenly, Stoick the Vast leaped between them, tackling the Nightmare to the ground. They tumbled and wrestled, resuming their earlier fight. The Nightmare tried to toast him, but only coughed up smoke.

"You're all out," Stoick said, pleased. He smashed the Nightmare repeatedly in the face, driving it away. It took to the air and disappeared. Winded, Stoick turned to Hiccup.

"Sorry, dad," Hiccup apologized, a pained expression covering his face.

Stoick eyed him sternly. Nadders flew past with sheep in their clutches. The raid was over. The dragons had clearly won. The murmuring crowd eyed Stoick, awaiting his response.

"Okay, but I hit a Night Fury," Hiccup said sheepishly, pointing toward the sky.

Stoick grabbed Hiccup by the back scruff of his collar and hauled him away, fuming with embarrassment. The sun began to rise.

"It's not like the last few times, Dad. I mean I really actually hit it. You guys were busy and I had a very clear shot. It went down, just off Raven Point. Let's get a search party out there, before it—" Hiccup tried to explain.

"STOP!" Stoick interrupted. "Just—stop." He released his grip on Hiccup. Everyone went silent, staring expectantly. "Every time you step outside, disaster follows. Can you not see that I have bigger problems? Winter's almost here and I have an entire village to feed!"

Hiccup looked around. All eyes were upon him. "Between you and me, the village could do with a little less feeding, don't ya think?"

A few rotund Vikings stirred self-consciously.

"This isn't a joke, Hiccup! Why can't you follow the simplest orders?" Stoick asked exasperated.

"I can't stop myself. I see a dragon and I have to justâ€¦ kill it, you know? It's who I am, Dad," Hiccup explained, gesturing with his hands.

Stoick pinched his fingers to his brow. "You are many things, Hiccup. But a dragon killer is not one of them."

Hiccup glanced around to see many nods of agreement. "Then why put me in the dragon training?"

"Get back to the house," Stoick ordered Hiccup. He turned to Gobber and added, "Make sure he gets there. I have his mess to clean up." Stoick lumbered off in the opposite direction.

Gobber led Hiccup through the walk of shame. They passed the teen fire brigade as they snickered.

"Quite the performance," Tuffnut commented.

"I've never seen anyone mess up that badly. That helped!" Snotlout also commented, pushing Tuffnut aside.

"Thank you, thank you. I was trying, soâ€¦" Hiccup avoided Astrid's glare and headed up toward a large house, standing prominently on the hill above the others.

"I really did hit one," Hiccup muttered.

"Sure, Hiccup," Gobber went along with his rant.

"He never listens," Hiccup continued.

"Well, it runs in the family," Gobber explained.

"And when he does, it's always with thisâ€¦ disappointed scowl. Like someone skimped on the meat in his sandwich," Hiccup complained. "Excuse me, barmaid. I'm afraid you brought me the wrong offspring. I ordered an extra large boy with beefy arms. Extra guts and glory on the side. This here. This is a talking fishbone," Hiccup mimicked his dad, using his hands for emphasis.

"You're thinking about this all wrong. It's not so much what you look like. It's what's inside that he can't stand," Gobber explained, beat.

"Thank you, for summing that up," Hiccup's voice oozed with sarcasm.

"Look, the point is, stop trying so hard to be something you're not," Gobber rephrased.

Hiccup sighed heavily. "I just want to be one of you guys."

Gobber looked him over sympathetically. Hiccup turned and went through the front door.

And straight out the back door. He hurried off into the woods, determined.

****Well today officially sucked at school, I got no lunch because of**

my stupid schedule. Please review and let me know what you think.**

End
file.